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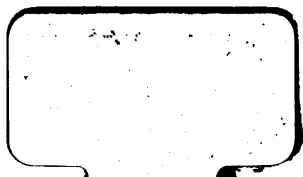




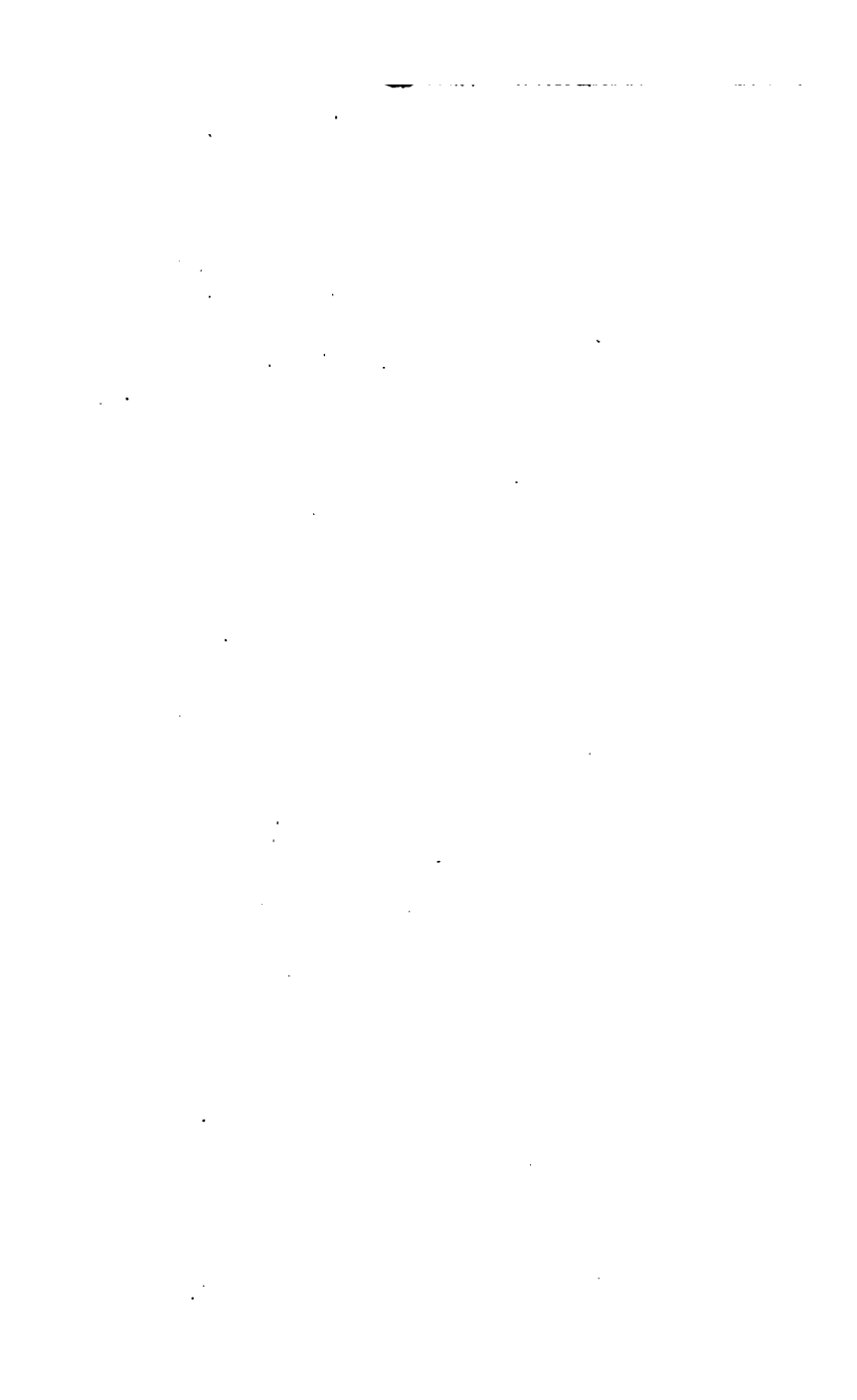




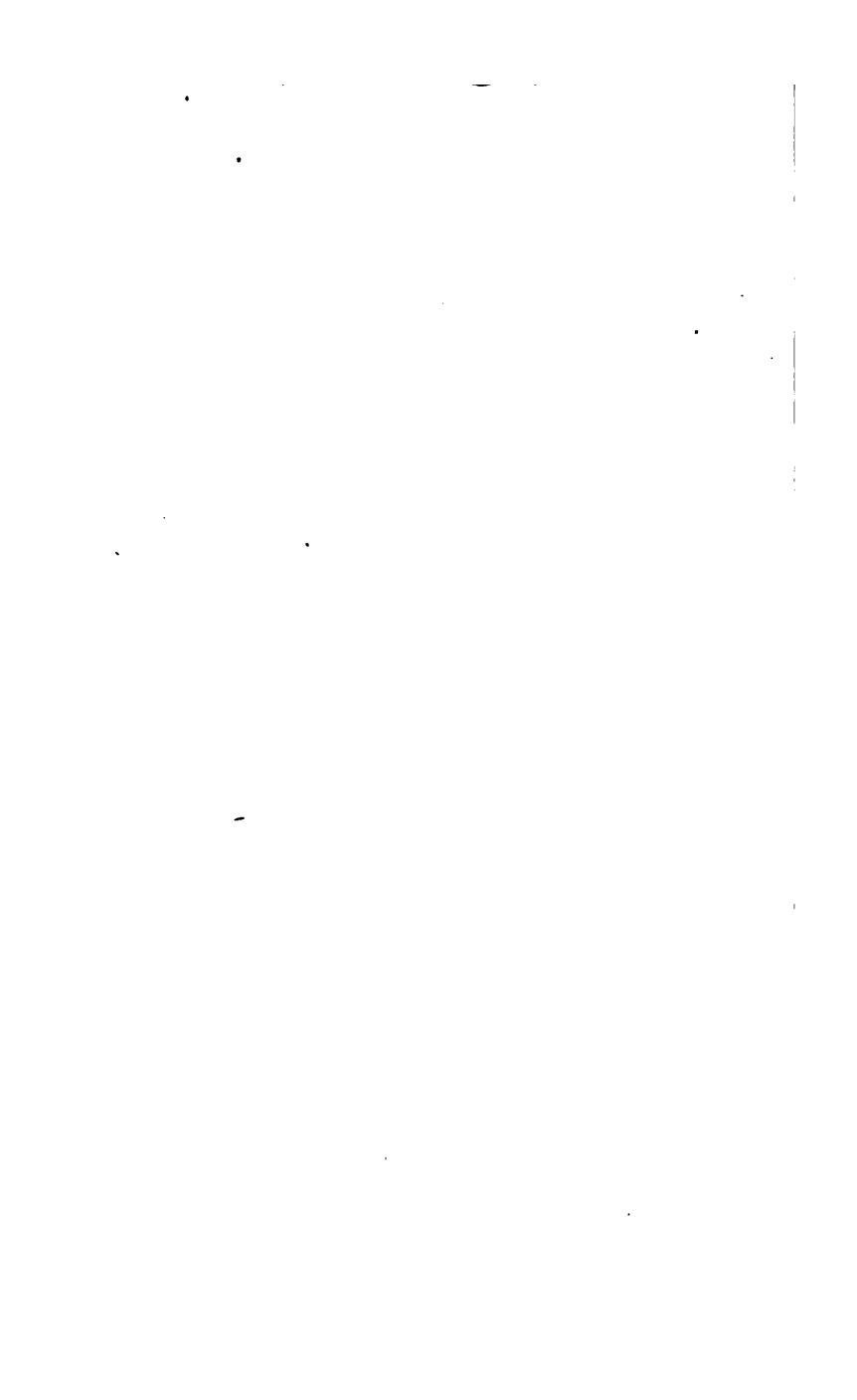
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**VICTORIA REGINA.**







# VICTORIA REGINA,

(A.D. 1881,)

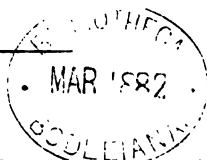
AND OTHER

VERSE AND PROSE,

Grave and Gay.

BY

GEORGE GRAVENER.



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY  
HARRISON & SONS, 59, PALL MALL, LONDON,  
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1881.

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## DEDICATION AND PREFACE.

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*To the Ladies and Gentlemen of England.*

MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

THE pastime of my leisure hours for many years has been to versify, with occasional prose and laconic notes, and in the hope that the perusal of some of my compositions may afford pleasure to others, I beg to offer this Volume; and should it be considered to possess sufficient merit to command your kind and generous patronage, I shall be stimulated to issue other volumes.

As an unknown author, I solicit your indulgence for any faults or errors my verses possess, as the majority were strung together with but a faint idea



that they would ever be published. And as you may perhaps desire to know something about their author, I may be permitted to add, that I was born at Dover in 1827, the son of a solicitor, educated and took prizes at Merchant Taylors' School, and not feeling a relish for my father's profession, I was soon placed in the office of the London Marble and Stone Working Company, under the kind patronage of the late James Tulloch, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., who had promoted it, and who was associated with my father in a venture called the Wheal Brothers Mining Company; which not being successful, led to an action in the Court of Common Pleas, in which my father, as plaintiff, was represented by the late Judge Talfourd (then Mr. Sergeant Talfourd), with Mr. James and Mr. Channell. This suit threw me at an early age in contact with men of position, and my occupation subsequently gave me, in my humble capacity, access to the aristocracy and upper classes.

'Twas my good fortune, in my early days,  
To see the rich, and well I marked their ways.

Such associations have doubtless had their influ-



ence for good, and I cheerfully acknowledge the general courtesy and kindness I have received from men of high estate, and ladies also, many of whom have closed their earthly career; one especially, the late dowager Countess Cowper, I shall ever remember for her amiability and consideration during the several years I had the honour to negotiate business with her, and also the late Countess of Beaconsfield, who, seeing that I was engaged in matters relating to art, invited me to inspect a piece of sculpture presented by a lady to the late Earl of Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) from the Exhibition of 1862. Following precedent, for the present purpose I drop my surname, but as I am well known to the sculptors of England, the authorship will doubtless be identified by many.

Though not a proud Salopian,  
A noble name I bear ;  
Which he who owneth Alton Towers,  
Is also proud to wear.  
Its cypher "S," not hard to guess  
To ye who know the Peerage  
And all its heraldry,  
Altho' my present signet's "G."



Relying upon your kind perusal of my book, and  
your generous patronage of it,

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your very obedient Servant,

GEORGE GRAVENER.

LONDON, 1881.



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**GRAVE.**

**B**







## VICTORIA REGINA, A.D. 1881.

---

'Tis no vain record of a bygone time,  
Which now inspires my pen, invokes sweet rhyme ;  
Full forty years ago, when yet a boy,  
I shared with boyish glee, the nation's joy,  
Joy made more great, since unrehearsed the scene,  
The proclamation of our belov'd Queen.  
I often watched her, with a youth's delight,  
Fresh from the country, viewing London's sight ;  
Saw her, the first time that in State she went,  
As England's Queen, to open Parliament,  
With that fair lady, then of women queen,  
The noblest Duchess, Sutherland had seen,



Like a fond mother, seated at her side,  
The Queen, unwedded then, like a young bride ;  
And later, with her husband, then so young,  
His name unvalu'd by the vulgar tongue,  
They thought not of his worth, and knowledge,  
wide,  
Since call'd "the good," her husband, friend and  
guide.

I often saw them, for my path oft lay  
In roads they took, as they pursu'd their way,  
And often offer'd, and received its due,  
My humble homage to the Royal two.  
For many years, as well her subjects know,  
Few private trials shadow'd her fair brow.  
Blest with a people's love, few monarchs' share,  
With husband, children, amiable as fair ;  
Her life seem'd destin'd to be calm, serene,  
Befitting her high place, as England's Queen ;



Her first-born, daughter, wedded to the hand  
And heart of Prince—so far as one dare tell—  
The future King of the vast Fatherland,  
Whose crown his great sire yet doth wear so well.  
And so, for years, pass'd on their wedded life,  
And it became the topic, and the type  
Of England's homes ; some in obscurity,  
Refresh'd by the example of a Court,  
Ready to boast its matchless purity,  
Where virtue was the countersign most meet,  
For those who dar'd to bend at Royal feet.  
The private life of that blest Royal pair,  
Seem'd to the eye of the unthinking crowd,  
To have become a never-ending round  
Of wedded bliss and social happiness,  
So well entwin'd with the deep task of State,  
Its duties, pleasures, ceremonials,  
To give as fruit, the thought, a better fate



Had cast the lines on which their course should go,  
Than kings and princes usually know.  
Their life, so full of royal incidents,  
And queenly acts, in which her Prince took part,  
Won her the people's love, him its respect;  
He gave his leisure hours to peace, and art,  
And now, through happy England's length and  
breadth,  
From noblest mansion to the humblest cot,  
Are emblems, rich or small, of the soft breath  
Of beauty and sweet forms, which he had taught,  
Awak'ning study—love for better things,  
In minds grown dull, whose taste had taken wings.  
Alas ! that there is need to record more,  
That all too soon should cease to flow the store,  
Of joy, and peace, and happiness, for them !  
To-day, all pleasure, they again pursue  
The courtly round, unhid from public view ;



Their progress mark'd, protected by the eye  
Of loving people, who in loyalty  
With one another seem'd to proudly vie.  
And thus, the daily copy of the press,  
Did first convey the brief intelligence,  
That the good Prince, the Consort of our Queen,  
And noble sire of England's future kings,  
Had felt the chill of sickness, which defied  
All human skill to save ; he linger'd, died !  
His gentle spirit fled, but to illume  
A brighter sphere than ours, now bathed in gloom.  
Hush ! for now, with half-bated breath,  
Her people speak of his sad death.  
The pen would fail, and therefore tries not, now,  
To trace her grief, her depth of abject woe,  
Enough for us, that she surviv'd the blow.  
No need to issue then, a royal command,  
The nation mourn'd his loss, as mourneth one,



Who, suddenly, of absent friend bereft,  
Feels some one missing, he alone is left.  
When his lov'd life was clos'd, then clos'd for time,  
The book of all her bliss, of earthly clime,  
And the one thought and deed which marked her life,  
In all her royal widowhood, of years,  
Is to record him, as becomes his wife ;  
And so, the richest mausoleum rears,  
Which from the depth of her deep love, she gives,  
That his name shall survive, after she lives ;  
Her people also, by their Parliament,  
Rais'd to his name a noble monument,  
Near the same spot where his great thought saw form,  
In Hyde Park's centre, plac'd there to adorn.  
In that great work I took a humble part,  
Its marble, cold, all pass'd beneath my hand,  
Then sculptured by the ablest in our land,  
Memorial alike, of him, and art !



And thus I end my tribute, Queen, to thee,  
Contented as an Englishman should be,  
And justly proud as such, to bend and own,  
I am a subject of thy pow'rful Throne.



**SELF-CONFIDENCE.**

**At never-failing pace the sun proceeds,  
And neither hastens or delays our deeds,  
But man too little the example heeds,  
Reckless of time if his own plan succeeds.**



## EMULATION.



Is life so easy, and thy mind so tame,  
The paths so few which lead to future fame,  
But night and day, a draft-board simple game,  
That thou can'st leave no record of thy name?  
It is not so, to own such would be shame;  
Some spot on earth in future I would claim,  
That when I've ceased, survivors shall not blame.  
And say I lived a life, but left no name.



## THE CAPTURE OF A SLAVE DHOW

BY H.M.S. "VULTURE;" COMMANDER A. T. BROOKE.

11th August, 1874. Coast of Madagascar.



God speed the good ship "Vulture,"

She sights the slaver now ;

And full two hundred souls are pent

On board that wretched dhow.

The sailor at her tall masthead

Was not a common man,

For oft he spurn'd his tiny bed

The ocean's breast to scan.



For he was blessed with length of sight,

And nought could 'scape his eye ;

And now he shouts with all his might,

“ The slave dhow I descry.

What ho ! what ho ! ” And all below

Are quickly in their place,

Each sail is set, the men all know

“ The ‘ Vulture ’ wins the chase ! ”

For five long hours she speeded on

Across the waters blue,

And then the race she fairly won,

By perseverance true.

They board the slave dhow ; fore and aft

The wretched mortals lie,

From stem, amidships, and abaft

Comes up their stifled cry.

The men and women, children too,

Are cramped beneath that deck ;



Right well at last the slavers rue  
The dreaded "Vulture's" peck.  
The men are numbered—forty-one,  
And fifty-nine, poor women,  
The little children number one  
Hundred and thirty-seven !  
The owners of that human freight,  
Some thirty-five in all,  
Bold Arabs, armed, with eyes dilate,  
Beneath our orders fall.  
The slaves made free by Britons' flag,  
Which waves o'er them aloft,  
No longer forced their limbs to drag,  
Repose in slumber soft ;  
But sixteen sleep, the last long sleep,  
Both soul and body free,  
Their forms we can no longer keep,  
But yield them to the sea !



The slave dhow, empty, then is lit,  
To light us on our way,  
And thro' the night the torches flit  
Their shadows dull and gray.  
Ten days have past, land greets our eyes,  
We soon the haven reach,  
With pride we range our mortal prize  
Upon the ample beach.  
“We're free ! we're free ! to live and toil,”  
The loud shout rends the air,  
They love and like to till the soil,  
And now their lot is fair.  
All praise to noble Captain Brooke,  
His officers, his crew,  
For every thought and pain they took,  
Hearts resolute and true.  
They did their work right manfully,  
They set the captives free ;



To rescue poor humanity

A noble work must be.

Then give three cheers, three English cheers,

For those who plough the sea,

Who toil for Heaven and our Queen,

To set all earth's slaves free.



## ON LEAVING ZETLAND LODGE.

18TH SEPTEMBER, 1874.



FAREWELL, fair Zetland, we must leave thee now,  
Though summer roses yet around thee bloom,  
And clustering vines droop from each glazed roof,  
And richest fruits and foliage clothe thy walls.  
Thou look'st so fair this morning, that my heart  
Would well nigh chide me now from thee to part;  
But it must be so, for my only child  
Ne'er dwelt beside thee ; I must to her go,  
And lead her children back ; they've shared my woe.  
A grief too deep to write on, but his shade  
Fills every room, his fav'rite walk thy glade !



Farewell, fair Zetland, I will come again,  
And look upon thee, if but for a day.  
Yield all thy sweetness, as thou did'st to me,  
To those who hence shall breathe within thy walls ;  
Increase the pleasures of their future hours,  
And by thy calmness, hallow every thought  
Of him, who, stor'd with true religion's lore,  
Shall henceforth scatter knowledge from thy door ;  
Soothing the rich and cheering on the poor ;  
Farewell, farewell, fair Zetland !



## DUTY.



REGARD it kindly, tho' its look be stern,  
Forbidding joys for which the heart would yearn ;  
His chart is clear to ev'ry human eye,  
We vainly strive its mandate to defy :  
For one, to live and love, and win, and care ;  
Another, not to love, but to forbear ;  
One, have within his reach, the fairest prize,  
Yet see another bear it 'neath his eyes ;  
For one, to toil from early youth to age,  
And leave no mark to chequer life's long page ;  
For one, to start with sunshine on his face,  
And share all fortune, ev'ry gift, and grace ;



One, humbly born, yet rais'd to place and pow'r,  
Another, drift, nor pluck a single flow'r ;  
One, form'd by Nature, to assert respect,  
Another, live, the emblem of neglect ;  
And yet, each has his course of duty giv'n,  
And, doing it, shall find his goal in Heav'n ;  
For there the record's kept of good and ill,  
And each wins his reward, who does His will.



## THE 21ST OF JUNE, 1877.



THE longest day of all the year's long days !  
One of the brightest 'neath Sol's warmest rays,  
One of Earth's fairest, when the flow'rs so bright,  
Almost forbid the thought that there is night ;  
But nature is so true that e'en her flow'rs  
Must hide their beauty for night's briefest hours,  
'Till day's twin brother ends so soon the night,  
And bids e'en sorrow wake in joyous light !



## THE TELEGRAPH.



ÆOLIAN harps now vibrate o'er the land,  
By road-side brooks, or on the pebbly strand,  
And e'en the ocean in its depths profound,  
Conveys the echoes of their potent sound !



## PLENTY.



WHEN plenty fills the board,  
Bid others share thy hoard,  
Since thou can'st well afford.  
What greater joy in life  
Than soothing others' strife,  
Those, less of fortune rife,  
In winter's blighting chill,  
When sorrow cups doth fill,  
And day and night brings ill.  
How glad the heart should be,  
Which 'midst its comfort's glee  
Can others' wants all see !



Strive with a willing hand,  
To loose the binding band  
That holds another's hand.  
'Twill give thee blessings bright,  
And make thy burthen light,  
To feel thou dost aright.  
For Heaven doth requite  
Kind acts by day, at night  
With slumbers calm and light !



## ON SELFISHNESS.



THE Cynic, Miser, Egotist, and Elf,  
Most ready to condemn what's wrong in self ;  
Hated, unhappy, restless, while they live,  
Dying relenting, ready to forgive  
The faults they saw, yet own'd not they possess'd ;  
Sighing for love which they had ne'er confess'd ;  
Thinking themselves too good, the world too bad,  
Regretting, when too late, the loss they had,  
Aiming to live a life not meant for man,  
Refusing to obey a wiser plan,



By which a mortal by himself should live  
No longer, when he could to others give  
The double bliss, when each for each is glad,  
Joyful in pleasure, solacing when sad,  
E'en when death parts them, fearing not to die,  
For love so true, Faith reunites on high.



## GOD'S LOVE.

---

THINK not, the world's of love bereft;  
Long as it lasts, love will be left,  
To guide and cheer us on our way,  
As at the first, to the last day.  
'Twas love brought chaos into form;  
'Twas love assigned the Earth its place,  
Form'd Eden, fair, it to adorn,  
And man, Earth's Eden fit to grace.  
'Twas love gave man his helpmate fair,  
Who, whilst he toil'd, for him should care;  
And, tho' she tempted, yet was left,  
To soothe him, innocence bereft.



And thus, thro' all the world's long roll,  
From birth, till death recalls the soul,  
The love that brings man, bears him on,  
Until the gate of Heav'n is won.  
Love makes us love to live and love ;  
Love fits our hearts for life above,  
Love teaches us to hate all sin,  
And strive a new life to begin ;  
And living daily more in love,  
To make us meet for Heaven's love.



## THE PRODIGAL SON.

(On Sculpture, by W. Calder Marshall, Esq., B.A.)



As suppliant, his crouchèd form, half-knelt,  
For in the depths of his own heart he knew  
A father's love can never wane and die ;  
But ah, how great the anguish he then felt  
To think that he such boundless love should try.



## SUNSHINE.



SEE, when the Sun comes beaming,  
With rays of heavenly light,  
Watch its influence streaming,  
Shadows replac'd by light.  
Hark, to the young birds singing,  
Sweet notes of joy and love,  
Their happy accents flinging  
Respond to light and love.  
Now ev'ry scene is fairer,  
The air's illum'd once more,  
The fairest face seems fairer,  
E'en hope it doth restore ;



O'er heaven's space diffusing,

A soft and holy calm,

No spot on earth refusing,

To answer to its charm.

Oh, bright day, ever linger

And bless us with thy light,

Until the eve-star's finger,

Shall herald on the night.



## WAR.



WHEN war's alarms resound,  
Then terror throbs the ground,  
Men's passions know no bound,  
Their limit is unfound.  
Each spurns fair reason's guide,  
Casts prudence, calm, aside,  
Throws open to the tide  
The gates of war, so wide.  
Hails every coming bell,  
Altho' it sounds a knell,  
And finds in tumult, charm,  
Which ever brings but harm.



Oh, why this wild dismay ?

Why bid the furies play ?

Is't pleasure, men to slay,

Precipitate their day ?

The arm, relentless, stay,

Ere time shall tell thee nay.



## THOMAS CARLYLE,

DIED 8th FEBRUARY, 1881.



THE snow flakes fall, full thick and fast,  
The winter wind, with hollow blast,  
Drives the rude storm against the pane,  
To stay its force all effort's vain.  
The sound disturbs a suffering one,  
One who was ever calm in pain,  
Now sleep would rest his weary brain,  
His wond'rous brain, which thought so deep,  
And deepest when the weaker sleep,  
For oft, its vigil it did keep;



He murmurs not, but yields a sigh,  
Heard by the tender one, so nigh,  
Waiting, and watching, anxiously.  
But morning comes, and with its light,  
He rallies—pass'd another night  
And so each day he weaker grows,  
Life's sands fast ebbing to its close;  
His lips are parted—one calm smile  
Rests on his face—Thomas Carlyle!



## THE PAST.



THE brightest sunshine and the fairest flow'rs,  
No fear of storm in heaviest show'rs ;  
As fair a home as childhood ever knew,  
Plac'd 'midst the tranquil scenes kind Nature drew ;  
Soft landscape, fertile fields, pure rills  
Of tiny streams at feet of gentle hills ;  
A broad expanse of sea, no eye could reach  
Its breadth of vastness, border'd by the beach.  
Dotted from north to south with castles strong,  
'To guard the shore 'gainst those who meant it  
wrong.



Some with deep moats (now placid gardens trim),  
O'er which the drawbridge forms a peaceful span,  
Giving free access to as peaceful man;  
But ever ready, with portcullis grim,  
For other use, should war disclose its plan.  
Long may Deal's Castle be a peaceful home  
For those whom Fortune beckons there each year  
To pass their autumn hours; they gladly come,  
And vie with Granville, who in Walmer's dear.



### “LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.”



It is not wise to think too much of the past; the brightest path has its clouds, some overloaded, and as a rehearsal of their incidents cannot afford pleasure, it is as well to be content with the enjoyments of the present; its trials would be insupportable were we to add bygone ones to them.



## NIGHT.



THE soft wind's sighing in the leafy trees,  
The flowers are drooping 'neath the ev'ning dew,  
Which pales their tints and limps the tiny leaves,  
But with fresh strength will give them life anew.  
The sun has sunk again to his night's rest,  
Leaving but shadows, where all light was seen,  
Which wave and flit beneath the moon's pale crest,  
That shows, and hides anon, earth's charming  
scene.



The streams run on unseen, their murmur tells  
The course they still pursue, by night or day,  
Through verdant meads and hidden mossy dells  
Where flowrets dance, as they sweet music play.  
The busy hum of village, town, and field,  
Is stay'd, and seeks the zest which night can yield  
To those who toil, as well as those whose ease  
Oft finds a task more toilsome—self to please.  
No sound is heard, but all is bathed in light;  
The sky is clearer now ; the orb of night  
Asserts in silence her all-potent sway,  
And only quits her throne at dawn of day.



## FAITH.



Thus hope revives within my heart,  
If but one beam of light,  
The beam from which we ne'er can part,  
Still glads my anxious sight.  
Tho' grief may for a while dismay,  
And cast its gloom around,  
Beneath the cloud there is a ray  
Which ever holds its ground.



'Tis seen, though far beyond our reach,  
Its dwelling is on high ;  
Its roseate tints are felt by each,  
Who else would pine and die.  
But human hearts beyond control,  
Or power of earth to raise,  
Receive its influence, and the soul  
Revives 'neath Heaven's rays :  
Seeing in them a prize more worth  
Than all the glories of the earth.

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## THE SOUL.



SOARING on eagle wings,  
Seeking the King of Kings,  
Who ev'ry blessing brings,  
Whose voice through nature rings,  
From heaven to earth it clings,  
Through cloud and sunshine sings.  
Whose face no man beholds  
Till earth's embrace enfolds  
Of man the mortal clay,  
Unseen to fade away,  
To perish and decay.



But then, the spirit bright,  
Breaks from its shroud of night,  
And seeks the realms of light,  
Too pure for mortal sight,  
So lustrous and so bright ;  
And there for evermore  
Its Maker doth restore,  
The image lost before,  
Which mortal man once wore.  
And clothed immortally,  
His face he then doth see,  
Through all eternity.



## SPRING.



COME forth, and seek ye once again  
The hedgerows and the fields, they're green once more.  
Spring greets thee, nor greets thee in vain,  
Her treasure to disclose, as giv'n of yore.  
Fear not the wind, its force is spent,  
No more, for long, to hide the azure sky;  
Regard past floods as blessings sent,  
To prove His power, no mortal can defy.  
Come hither, from thy town-pent home,  
Breathe once again a purer air;  
Thine eyes will brighten as ye farther roam,



Revive thy thoughts, and lighten care,

Renew again the spirit of thy youth,

Well tempered by experience bought,

And fix more deeply in thy heart the truth

Which thou in early days wast taught.

Read as ye go, on either hand 'tis rife,

“I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.”



## SUMMER'S SHADOWS.



ERE rosy summer its full note resounds,

In some chill evening breeze,

We hear the echo of autumnal sounds

In flutt'ring, whisp'ring leaves.

What are the words the gentle murmur tells,

Vibrating through the heart,

'Tis Heaven's warning in the summer bells,

“ We blossom but to part.”



Sigh on ye zephyrs in the verdant glade,  
And lightly touch each flow'r,  
Now brightly blooming, soon 'twill seek the shade  
In answer to thy pow'r.  
But only for a time, 'twill brighter bloom,  
In softer airs than thine,  
Enshrined in Heaven, free from earthly gloom,  
Of faith, hope, love, the clime.



## HUMILITY.



In meek submission bend,  
To Him who is thy Friend,  
Who only health can send,  
Until thy life shall end.  
And then thy soul will raise,  
To join in endless praise,  
'Neath Heaven's eternal rays.



## AN INGRATE.



PITY the man who thinks he can elude  
The vigilance of others, who less rude,  
Trust him beyond his pow'r with wealth of gold,  
Or riches worth, too often left untold,  
Whose eyes are blinded to the golden rule,  
"Do as thou would'st be done by," taught at school,  
Who like a snake creeps sily in the grass,  
And saps the vineyard till no more can pass,  
And then withdraws beneath the glare of day,  
Which shows, too late, he has no means to pay.  
Sorry the mind with such bad acts imbu'd,  
Barren of virtue as of gratitude.



## CAUSE AND EFFECT.



FROM small beginnings great results ensue,  
The tiny silkworm yields the costly train ;  
The sun makes brilliants from small drops of dew ;  
They're worn on leaflets, and they fade, 'tis true.  
The word that's spoken, thoughtless, half in jest,  
Oft rankles deeply, and forbids one rest.  
The stern rebuke, when milder words would serve,  
Will blight some natures, and retard their nerve ;



The gift that's given, when to give there's need,  
Is treasured most, and earns a lasting heed ;  
A kindly glance will help when danger's near,  
The timid heart which else would yield to fear ;  
For when its fac'd, the victory's half won,  
Nerve begets nerve, till nothing's left undone.



## THE SABBATH.



SWEET day of rest, that comes to all again,  
From toil or pleasure, both bring joy and pain ;  
May those who love thee find its blest repose,  
And they who scorn thee, change ere it shall close.  
The weary hand, by labor tir'd, lies still,  
The head o'ercharg'd forgets its wonted will,  
And pleasure sated with the week's full round,  
Unwinds the cord which had too closely bound,  
Once more returns, set free from this world's strife,  
And bends the heart to thoughts of future life,



Lays by the baubles which have prov'd their worth,  
And seeks a crown which none can give on earth ;  
Sees now the world with clearer, purer eyes,  
Taught by its Giver, Who no good denies  
To those who ask, and finding it, can prize.  
Tir'd of the world and all its comfort brings,  
The soul aspires to reach the King of Kings ;  
In humble faith a new earth now is trod,  
And mortals hold communion with their God,  
Resting secure on this one day in sev'n,  
That it will lead to a blest rest in Heav'n !



## FIRST THOUGHTS.



## I.

My first thoughts will I yield to Thee ;  
To Thee, Who giv'st them all to me ;  
To Thee, Who made me as I am,  
In Thine Own Image, mortal man.

## II.

Pure of body, pure in mind,  
Naught shall seem to me unkind ;  
Thou, Who'st set my body free,  
With my spirit ever be ;



With my body ever stay,  
Whilst I bear this mortal clay ;  
With my spirit evermore,  
Till to heav'n Thou it restore !

## III.

I shall rest in golden shrine,  
I shall see the Face Divine ;  
There, my heart He will refine,  
Fitting me for heaven's clime !

## IV.

Who made the heart, the heart best knows,  
Who gives it joy can heal its woes ;  
Can give e'en troubled conscience ease,  
To the less sinful endless peace !



## IN MEMORIAM. M. W.



“ ANGELS ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh take me, to thy care ! ”  
These are the words she often sung  
So charmingly, though she was young.  
I never can forget the strain,  
I’ve joined her in its sweet refrain,  
Which *we* can never sing again !  
“ Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh take me, to thy care ! ”  
Her notes, so soft, so sweet and clear,  
They were true music to the ear,



So heav'nly that they rent the air,  
'Till all around would disappear.  
One felt the angels, too, were near,  
List'ning, in love, to her appeal  
To take her hence, from woe and weal.  
Cold were the heart, that did not feel  
Her accents sweet, and humbly kneel !  
And now they've borne her spirit fair  
To guard it safely 'neath their care.



## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.



How soon the day has passed away,  
Too quickly ev'ry moment flies,  
We scarcely feel the sun's bright ray  
When to another land he hies.  
And this is life, do what we can,  
We cannot multiply the hours,  
At most, we know 'tis but a span,  
Too brief for man to waste his pow'rs ;  
Then clutch the moments as they fly,  
And use them as a man should do,  
'Twill fit thee best to live and die,  
Keeping thy future life in view.



## EARTH AND HEAVEN.



COME, roam with me, and view the picture fair,  
Which Nature ever paints for those who care  
To rest and linger in life's weary round,  
To raise their eyes from off Earth's fertile ground ;  
And raising them, the heart will rise on high,  
From plain to hill, to mountain, to the sky,  
Till Earth is merged, and meets, is link'd to Heav'n.  
The scene expands, the landscape joins the sea,  
Whose broad expanse no mortal eye can span,  
And by its vastness awes the soul of man.



Farther we go, new beauties greet our eyes,  
Which, once they're seen, evoke a fresh surprise,  
And make us feel how small ourselves must be  
To that Great Eye, which all at once doth see.  
Such sights as these the willing heart inspires,  
Dispels past griefs, with newer hopes, desires,  
To live, whilst here, in this deep vale of woe,  
A life more worthy of the life we know  
Is treasured up, for all who tread Earth's sod,  
In purest faith, for Heaven, and for God !



## MIDNIGHT.



SWEET midnight hour, how great thy charm,  
The world so still, and free from harm,  
The weary find life's dearest balm,  
The body rests, the mind is calm,  
'Tis then the thoughtful vigils keep,  
To think out thought, while dullards sleep,  
And store up learning which will keep  
Long after life has ta'en its leap.  
In pleasure, who knows not the pow'r,  
The untold joy at midnight hour,  
'Tis then that bright eyes flash most bright,  
And yield each other most delight.



How many owe their life's long bliss,  
To such an hour, when first love's kiss,  
Tho' only breath'd, was caught, re-giv'n,  
And made earth, what it should be, heav'n.  
In pain, how oft the sufferer lies,  
As he has lain for hours, and sighs,  
Then finds at last the wished for rest,  
To wake at morn, amongst the blest.



## TOIL.



MEN toil and labour with the hand and head,  
So late take rest, so early leave their bed,  
That they may check the chance of fortune's frown,  
And make the cup of life go smoothly down.



## SUCCESS.



SUCCESS doth crown the efforts of the true ;  
Long may they wait, but they ne'er have to rue  
The great extension of their patience ;  
Enduring to the end, they meet their due.



## A REVERIE.



I SAW her in my waking dreams :  
She was not fair nor lovely,  
But her face bore index of intelligence ;  
Her eyes were lustrous, and evok'd surprise  
That they were ever set in such a face :  
Full, but not round, nor yet devoid of grace ;  
Her lips were parted, as if speaking words  
Of sense and thoughtfulness, refined.  
Her figure, neither short, nor tall,  
But comely to behold, which did express  
Altho' unseen, a perfect loveliness.



Her dress was simple, tho' of costly price,  
Soft, silky satin, cut in fashion nice;  
Its colour pale, and seem'd to contrast well,  
With the warm texture of her skin,  
That seem'd to glow the rose's warmth,  
Altho' their tints it hid within.  
'Twas silver-blue, of lightest shade,  
Like skies half seen through trees,  
When summer sends us from the glade,  
To seek the welcome breeze.  
And round the folds of that soft silken dress,  
Were bands of lace, laid to compress  
Its fulness, and by its darksome hue,  
Give beauty to it, it alone ne'er knew.  
I saw her but one moment, but the mind,  
Could grasp that she was gentle, good and kind,  
And ever after, when the vision fled,  
I saw her near me, like some lov'd one dead,



But whose dear features live in memory  
For after years, long after we have laid  
The blest remainings of one's other life  
In the cold grave: a mother, sister, wife.



## SYMPATHY.



TRUE sympathy needs no awakening: it exists and vibrates in the heart, and expands to the one with which it sympathizes, however distant they are apart, like the electric cord. It requires not the impression of sight to move its sensitive and delicate construction previous to coming into play. The sympathy which is dependent upon such external influences is only artificial.



## LONDON, ENGLAND.



NIGHT has come, but yet life's tumult flows,  
For little rest this mighty city knows ;  
Myriads of wheels this spot of earth yet throes,  
Bearing some for their pleasure, some for woes.  
Some few may sleep, shutting without the din,  
Heedless of those who strive their bread to win ;  
Thinking too little of the great distress,  
Or toil of those who print the daily press ;  
That they may learn, when morning breaks,  
The latest movement which the wide world takes.  
In this great city there is scarcely night,  
Lit by electric and by lesser light,



For now has science paled the gas once bright ;  
The sun scarce leaves it, ere these torches glow,  
And o'er the myriads flit as on they go—  
Some to their homes, where peace and rest is  
found,  
Some yet to traverse hourly, underground,  
Many who hid from glare of nature's day,  
Too oft in semi-darkness sport and play ;  
Forgetting that the day was given to man,  
That ev'ry action man could freely scan.  
Pity the lot of those whose mind distrest,  
Turn day to night, and ne'er at night seek rest.  
Would that some thought would woo their breast,  
And bid them seek, like birds, the ev'ning nest :  
Secure within their homes from this world's strife,  
And value more life's joy—domestic life ;  
How vain the pleasure outer life can bring,  
Despite its luring, to which many cling ;



True, night brings joy, so often to excess,  
Leaving no mem'ry of itself to bless ;  
Past pleasures, fading with the early dew,  
So quickly, that if we but knew,  
When drinking at its fountain so unreal,  
Its hollowness, our hearts would surely feel  
That to pursue them is at best but vain—  
A shadow leading on to after pain.  
Stay ! the hour is coming—coming fast,  
When pleasure's cup shall drain at last,  
When common sense shall open many eyes,  
To seek and find a better, worthier prize—  
One which shall last so long as life is ours,  
Outrivaling the world's poor fading powers ;  
One that will hold us, save us, ere we sink,  
And bear us onward unto death's cold brink ;  
Shall cheer us even then and guide us on,  
Till time is past, and heaven itself is won.

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## SPRING.



WELCOME, doubly welcome, Spring,  
O'er the earth thy treasures bring ;  
Bid our hopes revive once more  
As they ever have of yore.  
Shed thy beauties at our feet,  
Glad our eyes, as them we greet ;  
Strew the earth, erst clad with snow,  
With thy flowers, bright to glow,  
Through thy days and summer's hour,  
Soothing hearts by their soft pow'r ;  
Making all more happy be,  
As they thy hid treasure see



Bidding all confess the Power  
Who sent winter gives each flower ;  
Emblem of some gift of love,  
Raising thoughts this world above,  
Where the sun doth ever shine  
In the purer world divine ;  
Where there is no breath of care  
Shelter'd by a holier air,  
Pure as heaven's alone can be,  
Home of sweet sincerity ;  
From poor mortals' trials free,  
Yield, blest sun, thy balmy rays,  
Light us in the length'ning days,  
Till our hearts forget the cloy  
Of life's winter, own the joy  
Which the feather'd songsters raise,  
Heavenward in their notes of praise,  
To the author of Spring days.



## TRUTH.



ERE the summer comes again,  
Ere has passed the spring's soft rain,  
Ere has fled the wintry wind,  
Which so long has blown unkind,  
Checking early flowers in bloom,  
Ah! how many meet the tomb!  
But when summer days are ours,  
When we greet the rosy bowers,  
Which again shall glad the earth,  
They have won the world of worth.  
They but close their aching eyes,  
Wearied with a life of pain,  
To re-open, as they rise,



As the goal of life they gain,  
Evermore in heaven remain.  
Life is sweet, but death's not loss,  
Living, calmly bear its cross,  
Bear it well, as man should bear  
All the ills of life, nor care  
For the joys which others share,  
Thine are higher, purer, rare,  
Fear not then the lack of bliss  
Others find, thine's not in this,  
This brief, fleeting world of time,  
Thine are stor'd in holier clime,  
All endure unto life's end,  
Which to joy of joys doth tend:  
Happy ye who, now o'ercast,  
Seek and find true joy at last.



## THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.



It was a dark, though mild October night,  
The wind was howling in the chimney, loud ;  
I sat contented on my flower'd rug,  
Quaffing good ale, I blew the peaceful cloud.  
My thoughts soon wandered to the absent ones  
Ploughing the sea on such a night as this,  
And those on shore, good Fortune's favour'd sons,  
Who shared with me the fickle dame's soft kiss ;  
Of those less favoured, who less comfort know,  
Who toil from morn till night, but little gain,  
Who seldom feel of sweet success the glow  
To cheer their gladness or to soothe their pain,



And yet they're happy, for 'tis human lot  
To meet with Hope each morrow as it breaks,  
To greet new days and leave the past forgot ;  
Thus every man his path in life he takes.  
Oh, blest contentment, that can fit each mind  
To bear life's troubles or the joy that's given,  
To hold the hand that scorns, or presses kind,  
As but a test that's sent, to prove, for heaven.



## IN SILENCE.



WHEN silence reigns supreme,  
Of absent ones we dream,  
For silence, solace doth impart  
To many a weary heart,  
And if but for a moment's while  
Doth weariness beguile.  
'Tis only in the silent hour  
That thought asserts its pow'r,  
And doth recall to memory's life  
The absent mother, friend, or wife,  
Whose presence oft did cheer,  
And tho' no longer here,



Their image dear is near  
As, when in life, we loved them.  
Then blessed, silent hour,  
Retain thy wonted pow'r,  
And ever back restore  
The loved ones, loved of yore,  
Now parted, evermore.



## SLEEP.



Oh, welcome sleep, mine eyelids ask thee now,  
To rest them by thy balmy influence;  
And bid mine eyes more gladly bless the day,  
When the still night again has passed away.  
Oh, welcome sleep, the weary hand and head  
Once more would seek the quiet, silent bed,  
Where angels their long nightly vigils keep,  
To guard us from all danger, as we sleep.  
Oh, welcome sleep, thou soother of all pain,  
Restorer of the troubled, fever'd brain,



Who dost for time, the deepest anguish steep,  
And robs us of its sting, refresh'd by sleep.  
Oh, welcome sleep, the last, long sleep of death,  
When man for ever yields the mortal breath,  
To wake for ever, see new light in heaven,  
And no more sleep, the sins of life forgiv'n.  
Oh, blessèd sleep, which closed our Saviour's eyes,  
When on the cross He died—no man denies,  
That but for His brief sleep, from which He's ris'n,  
We ne'er could sleep, to wake again in heav'n.



## A PRAYER.



## I.

JESUS, sanctus ! sanctus, Jesus !  
Hear our pray'r and never leave us,  
Whilst life's trials sadly grieve us ;  
When in grief time doth bereave us.

## II.

Hear us when we cry to Thee,  
Humbly, suppliant as we be ;  
Ever let us come to Thee,  
Thou Who bend'st the heart and knee.



## III.

Leave us not in dark despair,  
Ever shine most brightly there,  
With an angel's image fair,  
Guard, protect us with Thy care.

## IV.

Teach us to be true, sincere,  
Then our hearts will know no fear;  
Lead us, in our lives to be,  
Near as mortals can, like Thee.

## V.

Teach us daily to forgive,  
Friend or brother seven times seven,  
Teach us in our life to live  
That we may be forgiv'n in heav'n.



VI.

Day by day, we thank, thro' Thee,  
All God's providence we see;  
All its mercies freely shown,  
Teach our hearts to freely own.

VII.

Ever 'neath Thy care abiding,  
Ever in Thy love confiding,  
Thine in life, in death receive us,  
Jesus, sanctus ! sanctus, Jesus !



## THE APPROACH OF WINTER.



AGAIN the winter's coming,  
We can scent the air, and already  
Upon the higher hills of Scotia's isle  
The snow rests calmly, and rejects  
The sun's autumnal heat.  
Through vale and plain the chilly air  
Steals silent, sure, insidious ;  
But sometimes moans, and whirls  
With earliest effort of its latent strength,  
The dead leaves lying at the feet of trees,  
Whose branches tell of recent rains,  
Which strip and make them leafless.



No longer flow'rets from the hedgerows peep,  
But dry and rustling brushwood, with some spots  
Of ivy, hawthorn, holly, or rank grass,  
Keep up the tints, now dull, but varied,  
Which nature ever finds in all the seasons through,  
To paint earth's picture and embroider earth !  
The sea comes sullen to the pebbled shore,  
Casting its foam in anger o'er the strand,  
And breaks in fragments with a wilder roar,  
That it can reach so far and not reach more ;  
Then curls itself, as if to regain strength,  
To dash with greater force, its pow'r to show  
At next return ; it knows not breadth or length,  
Nor yet the boundary whence it cannot go.  
The birds fly low, they seek in vain their nest,  
Or shelter which the summer foliage gave ;  
And some take wing afar to sunnier rest,  
And some lie dead, too weak life's warmth to save.



But hark ! the choral sound of children dear,  
Their voices tuning to sweet harmony,  
Which one of earth's fair angels leads so clear,  
That they may sing with grace and perfectness  
When Christmas comes (and now 'tis drawing nigh),  
That message loving which came from on High,  
Teaching humility, love, blessedness,  
Plain, simple words, but overflowing kind,  
"Peace be on earth, goodwill to all mankind."



## VALOUR.



GOADED by the spur of valour,  
The soldier seeks the field,  
He is brave to death, for valour  
Only with life will yield.  
Son of sire, a soldier noble,  
Who brightest laurels won,  
As he bore them, thus he wore them,  
Till his long course was done.



Fighting for his country's honor,  
For her, dying at last ;  
And his lips were clos'd for valour  
To the loud trumpet's blast.  
Where he fell, 'twas there they laid him,  
Wrapt in his martial shroud,  
With his men and comrades round him,  
Of one another proud.  
And when England heard the story,  
How her brave hero fell,  
His high name it crown'd with glory,  
As history will tell.



**GAY.**







## I'M SINGING SOFTLY, DARLING.



I'm singing softly, darling,  
The song ye love so well,  
But sing so softly, darling,  
That none its words can tell.  
I'm singing softly, darling,  
Like summer's gentle breeze,  
That comes and greets us, murm'ring,  
And scarcely moves the leaves.



I'm singing softly, darling,  
For I remember well,  
When first thy heart was yearning  
With love ye dar'd not tell.  
Then come and listen, darling,  
I'll sing that song again ;  
My heart wont fail thee, darling,  
When thou join'st the refrain.

And then we'll sing, my darling,  
Those words of constant love,  
Each eve when home returning,  
'Twill be like realms above.  
Thy voice, sweet music's measure,  
Will blend with mine in joy,  
And yielding mutual pleasure,  
Life shall know no alloy.



Then come, we'll sing together,  
And though clouds have o'ercast,  
We'll live, and love, and never  
Recall the sadder past.  
Each day shall bring fresh sunshine,  
Each morn the fairest be,  
When thou art mine and I am thine,  
The happiest we'll be.



## NANCY AND "NANCY BELL."



MY Will is on board the "Nancy Bell,"

And a "first-class " man is he,

And his duty knows, I fancy, well,

Ashore, or afloat at sea.

There's not a spar or line in the ship

The Captain could name, my Will

Has ever let from his mem'ry slip,

For his hand is never still.

When sailing across the stormy main,

With petrels under their lee,

He looks up aloft, and asks again

For safety to life at sea ;



And then he knows, tho' wild the wind blows,  
    Tho' the ship may heave and crack,  
Next morning's light will find all right,  
    For they sail on the right tack ;  
And when there's a calm, he sees no harm  
    To join in the dance and song,  
Though he's brave and bold, his heart's not cold,  
    He keeps order in the throng.  
Oh ! my Will's on board the " Nancy Bell,"  
    And will soon be home again,  
And then he'll marry his Nancy ; well,  
    To wait longer would be vain ;  
For his heart's as true as his jacket's blue,  
    Though his home is on the sea,  
And I love my Will, come good or ill,  
    His own dear Nance I'll be.



**CORDELIA, OR WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.**

**HER hair was parted at the side, and drooped upon  
Her forehead, like a Venetian blind out of order.**



## I LIVE BUT FOR THEE.



COME back to-morrow, come back to me, love,  
Come back to-morrow, where'r thou may'st be,  
Come back to-morrow, I'm waiting for thee, love,  
And in thy absence, no joy can I see ;  
Since thou hast left me, sadly I'm sighing,  
Nothing on earth yield's a pleasure to me,  
Come back to-morrow, make no denying,  
Come back to me, love, I live but for thee.



Come back to-morrow, gladly I'll greet thee,  
Give but one smile, all mine own thou shalt be ;  
Heed not the lures that now may entwine thee,  
Speed thee from them, love, and dwell here  
with me.

Since thou art absent, the flowers are fading,  
Missing thy kind care, and drooping for thee ;  
Even the birds have ceased from singing,  
Come back, my own love, I live but for thee.  
Then come back to me, love, come back to-morrow,  
Lonely I'm sighing, whilst waiting for thee,  
Let not the sun set again on my sorrow,  
Come back to me, love, I live but for thee.



## EASY HOURS OF IDLENESS ON SEA.



POTTER, and tinker, and potter,

Potter and moon about,

First look for something you do want,

Then for something you can do without.

Linger, and loiter, and linger,

Linger about at the door,

Think you are an opera singer,

Wooring the waves to the shore.



Throw yourself down on the sofa,  
Indulge in a little small talk,  
Give the dear girls some more sol fa,  
And then take them out for a walk.  
Soon on the beach you grow weary  
Of talking to right and to left,  
One yawn is a hint for your deary,  
You are soon of her sister bereft,  
There she goes all alone, to the alcove,  
Which nature has made in the cliff,  
Ah, can there be there, more than one "cove;"  
If I thought so—but there, I won't if;  
She's a book, and her sunshade, and netting,  
What more can a maiden want here,  
Should the tide come in sudden, a wetting  
I think she'll be treated to, dear;  
But here she comes back in a hurry,  
I wonder what makes her so fast,



I'm sure we are both in a flurry,

For I've popped the question at last.

"I hope that I have not disturbed you,"

She said, with a very arch smile,

"Oh dear no," her sister said, mildly,

But to me she said yes, all the while.



## NAY AND YEA.



A GALLANT man came o'er the sea,  
From Eastern lands afar,  
For many weary years had he  
Dreamed on, led by that star,  
The star which nerves the youthful heart,  
Of hope, one day to gain,  
When he had played life's trial part,  
Nor shrank from earthly pain.



She lov'd him not, her soft blue eye

Had met another's gaze,

And distance drowns the deepest sigh

Which absent lovers raise.

Ah, woo me not, she said to him,

My friendship ne'er shall change for thee,

My heart is not for ye to win,

I'll never cross the deep blue sea.

He left her sadly, but his heart

Long used to bend to Fate's decree,

Sheathed up the love that failed its dart,

And found another—his to be.

She braved the perils of the storm,

By land or sea, to share his life,

No thought of danger her could warn,

And now he loves her, as his wife.



## PUGILISTIC.

SELF DEFENCE—IN SEVENTEEN ROUNDS.



- THE 1st round, Breakfast toast.
- „ 2nd round, Luncheon beef.
- „ 3rd round the dinner table.
- „ 4th round of glasses to everybody.
- „ 5th round the billiard table.
- „ 6th round the oval tea-tray.
- „ 7th round hand of cards.
- „ 8th round dances.
- „ 9th round the room to supper.
- „ 10th round, a roundelay.



The 11th round, closing the revolving shutters.

„ 12th round the house, to see all safe.

„ 13th round, squaring off the gas.

„ 14th round the spiral staircase, to bed.

„ 15th round with your watch key.

„ 16th round the world of dreams.

„ 17th round, turning round to wake.



**OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.**



**THOSE whose career rejects the light of day,  
Should keep new friends from older ones away.**



## ACCESSION DAY, 1877.



BANG, bang, went the Tower guns; bomb, bomb,  
went the guns in the Park; and the Queen was  
cheered, and all the people cried, "God save her."



# CHIMES NEAR ASH.



HARK ! the hour,  
 Eleven chimes,  
 Eleven times,  
 And thus rhymes  
 Chimes with times.



## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.



THERE is in Venice known a "Bridge of Sighs,"  
Which all men cross when woman fair denies ;  
But once 'tis past, the trial soon forget,  
And coldly smile should woman sue or fret.



## CHILDHOOD'S HOME.



I'M not a stranger, though unknown,  
In early days gone by,  
These lands so fair, I then did own,  
Now greeted with a sigh ;  
A sigh that adverse fate could blight  
The hope so vivid then,  
That this dear home, my youth's delight,  
Should pass to other men.  
But tho' a stranger, I have been  
For many years to thee,  
And distant lands so long have seen,  
There's none so dear to me.



But once again revives my heart,  
To joy so long unknown ;  
I've ceased to play the alien's part,  
Thou art restored, my own.  
And here, in life's declining years,  
The world's long battle o'er,  
I'll rest, removed from care and fears,  
To part from thee no more ;  
No more, until this life shall end,  
When every thought shall cease,  
Contented here my days to spend,  
In tranquil ease and peace.



TO —————



Oh, be thou mine, for thou art dear to me,  
Thy face divine, I would for ever see;  
Thy form so fair, as fair as e'er can be :  
I love and live for one, 'tis only thee ;  
Bid me be near thee, or for ever flee,  
Life is not life, if parted we're to be.  
Then say not nay, but hasten, love, to me,  
'Tis in thy pow'r to bless or wither me ;  
I would be blest, and bless, in blessing thee,  
For if thou art not mine, thou'rt nought to me.



## SUMMER SEAS.

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WHEN summer skies, in calm blue seas,  
    Reflect their azure bright,  
And gentlest of the gentle breeze  
    Scarce crest the waves with white,  
Then softly glide, on ev'ry tide,  
    The good ships to and fro ;  
And those they bear, in peace abide,  
    No peril then they know.  
And should the breeze sink to a calm,  
    And stay the vessel's speed,  
The sailors rest, all free from harm,  
    Past perils do not heed :



For well they know the wind will blow  
To-morrow or next day,  
And then their toil they'll gladly show  
The bark to speed away.  
Spread out the sails—labour ne'er fails  
Whene'er 'tis done aright;  
For He who calms will bring soft gales  
To help men's willing might;  
And thus each vessel haven finds,  
Its captain, crew, requite.



ON THREE PICTURES OF SYMPATHY,  
MUSIC (MOZART IN CHILDHOOD), AND  
FLOWERS.

---

Oh, sympathy, dear sympathy,  
I love thy soothing glance ;  
And music, in its infancy  
Companion of the dance.  
The one doth cheer us in our grief,  
Bids sadness feel less sad ;  
The other yields our joys relief,  
Yet makes the heart more glad ;



And flowers bright, of ev'ry hue,  
Adorn the fairest face,  
And lend it charms it erst ne'er knew,  
Add beauty to each grace.  
Let flow'rs be wove by sympathy,  
True friendship's brow to wreath,  
Sweet music's sound will check the sigh  
That sympathy would breathe :  
Three Graces fair, where'r they be,  
Sharing alike the palm ;  
Soothing the heart, of care not free,  
E'en bidding joy be calm.



## PERCEPTION.



I CANNOT love him, tho' his face were fair,  
And form so graceful as Adonis' self;  
I do not hate him, but he has an air,  
A look, reticent, and a mind for pelf;  
Pleasant of word, when words rise to his tongue,  
Easy in manners, but a studied part,  
O'er which a veil too thin has careless flung,  
To hide the impulse of his inner heart.  
Too ready to let fall the threads of love,  
For other themes which woman cares not for,  
Not mindful of the task which Cupid sets,  
And all the thousand acts the woo'd expects;



Prone to admire, and empty homage pass,  
Yet view the while his image in the glass;  
Praising the flow'r that rests on beauty's neck,  
Admiring most the one himself doth deck;  
Unlearnt of skill to win a woman's heart,  
His own alike as cold, to gain or part.



## PURE LOVE.



HE gave me lilies of the valley, fair,  
And bade me weave them in my auburn hair;  
Am I to him, as he to me, so fair,  
Fair as those lilies in my auburn hair?  
I've twin'd them gently, with a love as fair,  
That he may see them, as they left his care.  
He said he brought them from his home's fair glade,  
Growing so coyly, courting the deep shade,  
Where they grow brightly, near the verdant lawn,  
And thought them fitter his love to adorn.



Ah ! will he come ere one small flow'ret falls,  
Ere time its beauty from the cluster calls ?  
He comes ! and brighter, if so they can be,  
His eyes seem to me, as they rest on me ;  
I feel his pure warm breath—he kisses me.  
Alas, that mortals live, and love so much,  
And loving, know that love and life are such ;  
That love and life must fade at death's cold touch !  
And then no more love's breath or flow'rs we see,  
For love, with life, is gone ; be't him or me !

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## A HEALTH TO OUR ARMY AND NAVY.



RAISE the nectar to your lip,  
Ere the purple stream ye sip ;  
Raise a thorough English hip,  
Three times three and three times three,  
Wheresoever ye may be,  
On the land or on the sea,  
England's boasted shield they be,  
Drink their health with hip, hurrah,  
Our Army and our Navy.  
Soldiers, in their jackets red,  
Soldiers, who their blood have shed ;



Sailors, in their jackets blue,  
And their hearts oft tried and true,  
Ever ready for the field,  
Last to fight and last to yield ;  
Men who ne'er to foe have kneel'd,  
But tho' victors, foes have heal'd.  
Raise again the old refrain,  
It shall never sound in vain,  
Freedom's sons will only fight  
In a cause that's ownèd right !  
Toast them, cheer them, hip, hurrah !  
Be they near or be they far,  
Our Army and our Navy ;  
And should battle strike some down,  
They will die for England's crown  
On which ne'er the sun goes down ;  
Nobly has its empire grown.

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And when swords and pikes are sheath'd,  
Those who bore them shall be wreath'd  
In our mem'ry with their sires,  
To whose fame each heart aspires ;  
Pressing onward in the fight,  
Tho' it prove their life's last night,  
In the morn they'll wake in light,  
Other heroes in their sight,  
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah !  
Let its sound reach e'er so far,  
Be to them a guiding star,  
“ Our Army and our Navy !”



## TRUE FRIENDSHIP.



TO-MORROW is the night for love—  
The night for music, night for song ;  
I know no other joy above,  
Of joys which to our life belong.  
'Tis then we meet, and then we greet,  
As friend meets friend, so dear and true,  
And listen, as we each repeat  
The songs we've sung since first we knew ;  
And that is long ago, we own,  
And many years since then are past ;  
For time on each its mark has shown,  
But yet our friendship true doth last.



There's not a joy I know in life  
Greater than meeting a true friend,  
Next to the love of man and wife,  
And thus 'twill be till life shall end,  
Friendship bids us like each other,  
Select the one we like the best,  
(Only true friends love one another,)  
And bids us not dislike the rest.

When young, as friends, we strive to be  
Through life, whatever change may come,  
Until life's dearest friend we see,  
After our early course has run,  
Each in his turn meets loving eyes,  
The loving eyes fair woman bless ;  
We woo and win, and bear the prize ;  
But yet a friend we can caress :  
And oft that friend doth glad our eyes,  
And his true friendship oft we bless.



## ALADDIN'S LAMP.



Oh, had I but Aladdin's lamp,  
Or half its oft-told power,  
I'd strive to use the talisman  
Aright from its birth's hour ;  
I'd raise no castles in the air,  
Transport no spot of earth—  
Essay to make no scene more fair  
At cost of other's worth.



My wand should wave o'er land and wave,  
Where'er its aid could bring  
One thought of bliss, one loving kiss  
To peasant or to king;  
From those whom distance parts from sight,  
Whom Fate hath parted long,  
And space should fade in morning light,  
Each hear the other's song.  
No joy should be to those unknown  
Who long had felt life's care,  
In ev'ry happiness we own,  
Then all should have a share.  
The present should the past forgive,  
All sorrow be forgot,  
And ev'ry heart should love to live,  
No longer mourn its lot :  
For sweet contentment on each brow  
Would weave its placid crown,



With Faith to steer, Hope at its prow,

Life's bark would know no frown.

Think then, ye hold its magic pow'r,

And use thy own aright ;

Accept as blessings ev'ry hour ;

Thou'lt need no other light.



## WOMAN'S RIGHTS.



WHEN woman rises from the appointed place  
Which Nature kindly destined her to grace,  
She seeks, of sex the difference to efface,  
And strives, but vainly, man's pow'r to debase.



## THE FIRST GIFT OF LOVE.



Is after years you will regard  
This picture with delight,  
'Twill soothe thy sadness, stay thy tears,  
Recall our first love night ;  
For then you will remember well  
The vow I plighted true,  
That thro' my life with thee I'd dwell,  
The first love I e'er knew ;  
Years may roll on, and we may know  
The joys which love can bring,  
And ev'ry act of love I show,  
Will nearer to thee bring  
The mem'ry of this happy hour,



What happier hour than this,  
That brings to each the magic pow'r,  
To give, and yield, love's kiss ?  
Oh, take it, prize it, for my sake,  
Tho' but a simple gift,  
'Twill cheer at morn as ye awake,  
'Twill bid night's shadows drift.  
Take it, and keep it, and when time  
Shall swiftly roll away,  
Still 'twill be thine, when thou art mine,  
And then for many a day  
You will regard it with delight,  
Tho' I am far away.



LACONIC.



I.

**MEN** who've not learned the gentle arts of love,  
**Thro'** boldness fail the tender plea to prove.

II.

**How** many women by too bold an art,  
**Have** check'd the love for woman in man's heart.



# LACONIC.



## I.

Conjurers cannot perform their tricks without confederates.

## II.

Keep still—it's time to move when you are obliged.

## III.

When you move, move quickly, you'll get over  
Unpleasant ground so much the sooner.



## ROME.



"ROME was not built in a day,"  
Nor yet in a day did decay ;  
Years roll'd 'ere its pride gain'd its might.  
E'en now it may welcome new light.



## SOMETHING THE MATTER.



THERE'S always a something the matter,  
Every day as it comes and it goes,  
We're no sooner rid of one clatter,  
Than another loud sledge hammer goes.  
Oh, where can one go for a respite,  
From the world, from its cuffs and its blows,  
Where every one's ready to show fight,  
In some cause, which they only suppose.  
Would there were, now to let, a small maze,  
Away from this hubble and bubble,  
With a private road, leading by ways,  
The owner could learn without trouble,



With a nice little cot of content,  
Enough just for me and another,  
Where our daily wants all could be sent  
From "The Stores;" and we'd have no bother;  
If so, I'm its tenant for life,  
If the terms, they are not too high,  
As soon as I've found me a wife,  
And perhaps she's ready, close by.



## TO MY MARAHANNEE.



DRESS up, you dingy one,  
Dress up you stingy one,  
Put on the best things  
You've got in your box ;  
Oh that I ever had  
Such a Jellalabad  
Sort of a wife in an opera-box.  
Comb out your long back hair,  
You ne'er can make it fair ;



Such hair as your's is rare,  
Fit for bride of coonair.  
Stick in your golden knobs,  
Hang on your long ear-bobs ;  
And round your neck place  
That long row of pearls ;  
Now put your bangles on ;  
I'll tie your sandals on ;  
Cover your fingers  
With rings—well you may.  
Who, on a full-dress night,  
Ever saw such a fright ?  
I'd go without you,  
But then you won't stay.  
Scent well your handkerchief ;  
Take some more Otto do,  
Otto de ——— blank, well,  
I'll leave that to you.



Now you are ready, M.,  
What will my fellow-men  
Think of you and of me,  
As on we go?  
You, my Otella are,  
And if you go so far,  
I, in the end shall be,  
Desdemono. ●



## HOW TO MAKE A BED.

### KENT FASHION.



SHAKE the bed up, make a din,  
As if to turn it outside in,  
Punch the pillows well about,  
Turn the bolster inside out,  
Shake the blankets, change the sheets,  
Put on a clean coverlet.  
Tuck the sides and foot well in,  
To keep out cold, and warmth within.  
None of your Scotch ways for me,  
Where they leave the clothes all free,



Free at night as day to slide,  
As it may chance, down either side:  
Wheresoe'er in life I went,  
I can't mend the ways of Kent.



## THE TYROLESE GIRL.

A SONG.

*Air:* "My Native Hills."



I AM a simple Tyrolese,  
I've come across the main,  
And if I fail your heart to please,  
I will go home again.  
I'll sing the songs of Switzerland,  
And play the castanet,  
And then the simple Tyrolese,  
I know you'll not forget.



From morn till eve, o'er vale and hill,

In our dear fatherland,

My father and my brothers till,

My mother plies her hand,

And I have learned to sing and dance

And play the castanet ;

I hope you'll like the Tyrolese,

And will not her forget.

I'll sing again if you so will,

And beat another time,

And try to win and charm you still

With echoes of my clime.

I'll sing the songs of Switzerland,

And play the castanet,

And then the simple Tyrolese

I know you'll not forget.



## A YOUTH'S PORTRAIT.



He was of manly height, and comely breadth  
Of shoulders, square and balanced well,  
Straight as an arrow from a well strung bow,  
Shot with unerring aim to make its mark.  
Not muscular, nor strong, for Nature meets  
Not all her bounties out in single gifts.  
A skin as fair as ever mortal own'd,  
(At least in England's clime,)  
'Twas whiter than is often seen,  
And at his age, was spotless, clean,



He had not beauty, but his features met  
In that young face, as features ever should,  
Calm and repos'd, indicative of good ;  
His full blue eyes could speak, and often told,  
Of her, his mother, who had ne'er grown old.  
His voice was equal, soft, and sometimes low,  
And as he spoke the whitest teeth would show ;  
No word, his youthful lips by chance escap'd,  
That could offend the ear most delicate,  
His temper, restive when beneath restraint,  
But uncontroll'd and with the fair ones near,  
His kind and gentle acts would all endear.  
And thus as time shall flow and he become,  
In briefest years, a ripen'd full grown man,  
With more of study, culture for his brain,  
Fitted a post to fill which he will gain,  
Enter the field where man can prove for life  
Himself as worthy for heaven's gift, a wife,



Loving and lov'd, still good, contented he,  
With his fair share of fortune, children see,  
Who in their turn, shall look to him to guide  
Them through their life, his own and wife's best  
pride.



## MARRIED BY WILL.



THERE was a lady, "once upon a time,"  
Destin'd to be the subject of this rhyme.  
She was a lady fair, tho' not too young,  
For fifty years had wagg'd a maiden's tongue ;  
Her wealth enjoy'd on the absurd condition  
That she would soon amend her past omission,  
And enter boldly in the wedded state,  
No longer live a selfish celibate.  
Being the daughter of a clergyman,  
She wished to wed a "proper" sort of man ;  
In vain she travell'd England east and west,  
Failing to find what she was most in quest ;



She smiled and laugh'd, then primly pursed her mouth,  
But had no better luck at north or south.  
Three years were giv'n her to fulfil her part;  
Much time was lost, it sorely tried her heart,  
And often, by herself, she had some fear  
She'd lose her wealth—five hundred pounds a year;  
So she resolv'd to seek in distant land  
What she had fail'd to find in old England—  
A mortal worthy of her well-fill'd hand—  
And off she started to the Holy Land.  
No doubt she saw there many kinds of men,  
But not the right one ever met her ken.  
Weary of looking 'neath a foreign sky,  
She said, once more old England I will try;  
She travelled fast, by steamer, coach and train,  
Which brought her back to London once again,  
And quite by chance, or thus her fate befel,  
To find good quarters at Laurie's Hotel.



An Irish curate, but the day before,  
Arriv'd to stay there as he had of yore ;  
And as they sat at breakfast day by day,  
She told him where she'd been, so far away,  
And of the "things" she'd gather'd on her way,  
As souvenirs for some more distant day ;  
Asked him to see them—tell her what he thought  
Of all the odd and curious works she'd brought ;  
These she display'd with some parade and care,  
In truth they formed a treasure rich and rare.  
He praised them much, but more the refined taste,  
Which used so well the time which others waste.  
He, grateful for the sight, his escort offered  
To Sydenham, accepted soon as proffer'd,  
And there no doubt they talked of many things,  
So many objects some new topic brings ;  
But they were seen by one who knew them well,  
A younger inmate of the same hotel,



Down by the waters, where the extincts brood,  
They too were found in solitary mood,  
In contemplation wrapt, to move no haste,  
His arm encircling her yet slender waist.  
Of course, at eve they both return'd quite well,  
Fully enjoy'd their home at the hotel ;  
Next morn, the curate had to say "farewell ;"  
But only for a time ; in those brief days  
She'd learnt to see the error of her ways,  
Tired of such life, quite ready to confess,  
She frankly answered to his offer, "Yes."  
A few weeks later, at a Devon church,  
She prov'd she was not left quite in the lurch.  
Older than him, but with fresh joy now rife,  
Enrich'd the curate, made him a good wife ;  
And now they're join'd for life in heart and hand,  
The model couple of all south Ireland.



## LIFE'S ECHO.



FROM morn till night, if we're well minding,  
One echo only we are finding—  
Echo to a little thing,  
But 'tis golden—wedding ring.  
Waking, praying, bathing, dressing,  
Talking as we're breakfasting.  
Good-byes wishing, children kissing,  
Walking, riding, then abiding  
In one's office—place of working,  
Writing, reading, guiding, minding,



Gaining, losing, ever trying  
For the selling or the buying ;  
Lunching, dining, as inclining,  
Once more riding, or p'rhaps walking,  
Home returning, efforts tiring ;  
Resting, musing as tea's fusing,  
It refreshing, playing, singing,  
Until Time, by its swift winging,  
Sets us supping, praying, sleeping.



## DALHOUSIE MAINS.



A HOME of comfort, with some elegance—  
Its lines reflected in the broad expanse  
Of the live stream, which flowing ever there,  
Doubles the beauties of the scene, so near,  
Tall rows and masses of fine shelt'ring trees,  
Whose leaves give music in the ev'ning breeze ;  
Beneath whose shadow one may rest at ease,  
When summer's sun the languid form fatigues,  
And, later on, when moon and stars shine bright,  
Yield calmest pleasure in the cooler night ;



So sweet and true in the purest air.

What never ever trembles on spots so fair;

What deep-recessed in white again at morn,

All praise in the sweetest which here adorn,

To his to praise in the sweetest singing praise,

As of the sweetest in the sweetest days:

Let none more bright and pure than the last,

Let none more bright and pure than the last,

Let none more bright and pure than the last,

Let none more bright and pure than the last—  
Melissa Mary.



## LOVE WITHOUT LAW.



WE have no law, a Medean or Persian,  
By which an Englishman could use coercion ;  
Make his wife love him, if mayhap she don't,  
The more he says " You shall," the more she won't.



## A PORTRAIT.



SHE was a maiden fair to view ;  
So fair—alas ! too fair :  
Her eyes were soft cerulean blue ;  
She wore white roses in her hair,  
'Mongst other girls, who are all stars, a star ;  
Destin'd to shine more brightly, near or far ;  
Her voice was music, like a heavenly choir,  
Tun'd for its sacred task—to sing, aspire.  
Her form was faultless—such as sculptors prize,  
Too seldom yield to gladden mortal eyes.



Had she had sisters, they had ne'er been free  
Until some artist had combin'd the three  
In one fair group, whose beauty would efface  
The memory of works of lesser grace.  
Her actions graceful and her look all love,  
Playful, yet coy—a goddess from above;  
Herself *the* model, she all models led,  
Ancient and modern art alike thus fed.  
Her breath was nectar, and its sweet perfume  
For Atkinson's or Lubin's left no room;  
Her features, heaven's mould, with Earth's life-  
tint,  
Her blush the faintest blushing rose could hint;  
She was perfection—one who once to see  
Was to enjoy the bliss called ecstasy.  
No Gainsboro', of old or modern day,  
Could hope on canvas to transfer the ray  
Of her angelic look, sublime yet gay.



Her step was motion—flowing robe could hide,  
Slow and majestic as the swans which glide  
On silver waters, seeming but to crest  
A gentle ripple by a gentler breast.  
Her hair was golden—need I say much more,  
Than hope that Time such beauty will restore?  
And whose the portrait? All will soon believe  
'Tis sketch'd by fancy, of dear mother, Eve.



## A STORM AT SEA.



OUR barque was drifting to a hidden rock,  
The sea rose high, beneath the storm's wild lash,  
Seething and swaying like a molten mass,  
Each moment waiting for the coming shock ;  
Could the ship live in such a storm as this,  
No helm to guide her and no course to track,  
Whate'er befel, come it aright, amiss,  
Must be our fate, in such a tempest black.  
All sails were furl'd, and ev'ry spar made close,  
As tight as human hands and ropes of steel  
Could bind unfeeling objects to repose,  
The helmsman, useless now, lash'd to the wheel.



One moment on the waters' mountain top,

The next, hurl'd down into that deep abyss,

The hollow of a wave, the rest o'er top,

But bear us on them with a reckless hiss.

The darkness of the night made doubly dark,

By forkèd lightning, which rent heaven's space,

Then hid its jagg'd ends in the wat'ry mark,

Showing, to hide, the far horizon's place.

The night was well nigh spent, one crashing peal

Of thunder, louder than the rest had been,

Burst o'er our heads, it made our bold hearts reel,

And bade the sails go free, by hand unseen ;

The ship sped onward, and we pass'd the reef,

Quicker than thought, each man to work again,

And by a force which only comes to men

Who toil for life or death, or conq'ring pain.

They caught back and refurled the sails and rope,

Nor vainly strove 'gainst wind and storm to cope.



Still on we dash'd, as yet a wilful barque,  
Seeming to take some sport, tho' madly beat  
By waves which scorn'd all rule and left no mark,  
By which from further danger to retreat.  
One silver streak at last lit up the east,  
The day was coming, morn had broken then,  
And with the daylight comes best help to men,  
Reckless of toil, of hardship, rest or feast.  
How many hearts in roughest clay enclos'd,  
At sight of dawn, on such a night as this,  
Their inmost thoughts to other hearts disclos'd,  
And tasted once again, of pray'r, the bliss.  
" 'Tis Calmer now," at length the Captain cried,  
What ho ! land ho ! the topmast man has spied,  
And 'ere that day had calm'd the troubled sea,  
They reach'd the haven where they long'd to be.  
The ship bore down, the boats were lower'd apace,  
And sturdy sinews pull'd them quick to shore,



All leapt to land, and in one fond embrace,

They clasp the lov'd ones they had lov'd of yore;

*They* only know the grasp that such men give,

Who thought to die at night, at morn they live,

And as they pace, at rest, their home's lov'd strand,

They thank our God, the sea's at His command.



## A CALM.



THE wavelets come in silence to the shore,  
And seem so languid that they scarcely beat  
The summer echo of the sea's loud roar,  
When stormy winter flings it at our feet.  
The boatmen stand, or lean, and listless gaze  
At the expanse of ocean, carelessly;  
Their look is stolid, storm nor calm amaze;  
They know that each will end, not hopelessly.  
The ships are anchored in the broad roadstead,  
With sails all furl'd and pennants drooping down,  
E'en at their height, the tallest topmast head,  
There's not the slightest zephyr ever blown.



The sailors lounge about, there's nought to do,  
But bide in patience till the calm shall end ;  
The many chatting, but perhaps a few  
Have found a sail which they essay to mend ;  
And the Captain sits in his cabin snug,  
Few orders to give now the wind is still ;  
He smokes, and he drinks from the silver mug,  
Which his good wife gave, and he oft doth fill,  
And he thinks 'tis a charm 'gainst ev'ry ill.  
The evening comes, the sun sinks to his rest,  
The sky again is peopled with bright stars,  
And with the night springs up the soft sou'west,  
A welcome wind to those becalmèd tars ;  
Farewell ! they shout to that long pebbled strand ;  
Farewell for months ; the sails the breeze now feel,  
They put about and bid good-bye to land—  
The fading beach and castled town of Deal.



## MODERN LATINITY.



Nos infantes, sunt felices,  
Dum in perambulator,  
Et ambo Arcade Lowtheri  
Pro illos est felicior,  
Sed via appia Burlingtoni,  
Non vulgus, est felissima.



TO HENRY RICE, Esq.

(MY FRIEND FROM YOUTH.)



Row thy bark, my gallant Friend,  
Steer it safely to life's end ;  
Fortune ever at the prow,  
Virtue watching in the bow.  
Heed not thou the passing gale,  
It shall only flap the sail ;  
Fortune, Virtue, for thy guide,  
Nought of ill shall thee betide



May thy bark for ever be  
Safe and sure on life's broad sea ;  
And when life's long course shall end,  
In "the haven " meet thy Friend.



TO MY  
YOUNG FRIEND, MR. HARRY RICE.

On his 20th Anniversary (20th February, 1881).

---

HERE'S a health to thee, dear boy,  
May thy life be one of joy  
To thy parents till life's end,  
To thyself, and thy old Friend ;  
Nurtured well, 'neath Fortune's smile,  
Happiness doth thee beguile,  
All thy childhood's hours were free,  
Bless'd with health and boyish glee ;  
Twenty years have passed away,  
Still thy heart is light and gay,



Thus, through future years thy way  
Pass in sunshine, day by day;  
All the pleasures life can bring,  
Heaven round thee ever fling,  
Aiding thee, thyself to bless,  
And those whom ye most caress.  
Then, as now, in years to come,  
'Tis my wish, thy course should run.  
Double health to thee, I'd say,  
Often on thy natal day.



## THE WREATH.



I GLADLY weave a floral wreath,  
A garland bright, for thee,  
And with the flow'rets of the heath,  
The garden's pride shall be.  
I'll twine the wildest flow'rs with those  
That claim our tend'rest care—  
The spotless lily and the rose  
Shall yield their blossoms rare ;



No flow'r that blooms shall be forgot,

Its perfume e'er so sweet—

The jasmine and forget-me-not

Around thy wreath shall meet;

The rich carnation, daisy meek,

Shall blend with tulips bright,

And golden cups, whose tint we seek

From foreign climes, shed light;

Thy fragrant breath, dear violet,

A sacred glow shall give,

For in the name of Olivet,

Thine own shall ever live.

The fuschia's gentle drooping head

Shall cluster with the rest,

And thou shalt find thy floral bed

Adorn'd with Heaven's best;

For they are jewels God has lent

To glad our earthly way—



Free gifts, like all which He has sent

To bless us with their ray ;

To raise our hearts from life's career,

To lift the soul on high,

And bid us feel, when Earth is near,

That Heaven, too, is nigh.



## A WISH.



OH, would I had a Louie dear,  
I'd give her ev'ry Louis d'or,  
She'd ne'er have cause to call me near,  
I'm sure she'd never ask for more ;  
For more than I could well afford  
Of future need she would steer clear ;  
She would conserve, not waste my hoard,  
And prove herself my Louie dear.



## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



DIFFERENT men have different ways,  
Some go to concerts, some to plays,  
While some prefer to go to balls,  
Others lectures, whose tedium palls ;  
Some learn to sing, others to dance,  
Some rest at home, some visit France,  
Some often reach the wide sea-shore,  
Some never venture past the Nore.  
Some brains, by too much reading block'd,  
Others with little learning stock'd,  
Who walk about, mouth open wide,  
A coral cave for flies to hide,



While others, with the lips firm set,  
Which means, from them you'll little get,  
But no two peas 'tis said e'er match,  
No bird with salt you ever catch.  
What's joy to you, to me gives pain,  
From further opposites refrain :  
But you should know, when you're a man,  
The way to read, to write, to scan,  
And must decide in youth for once,  
Learned to be, or be a dunce.  
He who too long good teaching spurned,  
Will reach his prime, his task unlearned,  
Beyond his knowledge, scorn the laureate verse,  
Showing he's poor of thought, tho' rich in purse.



## FADED FLOWERS.

---

BOENE by the current of yon silver stream,  
See those fair flowers—now lost to my sight,  
Gone like the forms which enpeople a dream,  
Past with the morning, a vision of night.  
Carry them far, far away from my gaze,  
Ne'er let her fair form by them be restor'd.  
Vain were thy presence, remembrance to raise  
Lost and forgotten, and never deplored.  
Floating away, floating away,  
With those fair flow'rs, floating away.



When first I saw them, fondly I cherish'd,  
 Ev'ry soft tendril and leaf, call'd thine own ;  
 Now they are faded, wither'd, and perish'd,  
 Banished for ever from that happy home.  
 Yes, thou art sever'd, torn from the dwelling,  
 An Eden too fair e'en for beauty like thine ;  
 Ah, how my heart with emotion is swelling,  
 Seeing in thy fate an image of mine.  
 Floating away, floating away,  
 With those fair flow'rs, floating away.



## ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.



I'd choose a woman blest with common sense,  
Quite unaffected by a vain pretence ;  
Not too much learning, nor yet ignorance,  
To be my equal, guided by true sense.  
I don't like fighting, either words or blows ;  
I'd neither choose a blue,  
Or one who thinks she knows,  
The latter's worse than a real blue ;  
Who thinks and studies, don't suppose,  
And what she says is true.



## ANNA BELLA.



ANNA BELLA, in the cellar,  
Cleaning up my boots ;  
She is stooping, not cube rooting,  
Tho' too near the roots.  
All those old roots in the garden,  
Which in winter rot,  
Now again her head is bending,  
She the toothache's got.  
Anna Bella, may some fellow  
Soon improve thy state ;  
He thinks little of his Bella,  
Who leaves her to such fate.



Sweeping, scrubbing,  
Clothes en-tubbing,  
Cooking, dusting,  
Irons unrusting ;  
Early waking,  
Eight beds making,  
Little time for self or dress ;  
If he loves, all this he'll alter,  
Take you quickly to the altar,  
There and then confess,  
That too long his love did tarry,  
Now relents, and you doth marry.



## MY BOYHOOD'S HOME

(REVISITED IN LATER YEARS).



THE sun was setting in the west,  
I urg'd my steed to do its best;  
And as I watch'd the fading rays,  
I thought of old, departed days;  
And tow'r and castle, stream and mill,  
Come near, are passed; o'er dale and hill  
I press my steed; mine eyes now fill,  
For since the day this scene I saw  
My kindred have obey'd the law  
Of nature, which to all gives breath,  
And bids us live, to summons death.



At length the well-known house I reach,  
'Tis shelter'd, tho' 'tis near the beach ;  
I quick dismount, the handle touch,  
It yields—in boyhood it did such ;  
Not needed then to rapper raise,  
Or sound a bell—they knew my ways  
And times, my step so light and free  
As through the hall I'd bound,  
Yet scarcely wake the echo of a sound ;  
For in the buoyance of my youth  
I trod not—merely touch'd the ground ;  
The ample hall and staircase still the same  
As when on horseback, rocking, I did game.  
But now no longer I can think of play ;  
Where are the inmates ? They have “ gone away.”  
'Tis like a casket, whence the jewel's fled :  
My parents, sister, and dear brother dead.



Where once all life, all silence reign'd,  
Which half ungilds the gold I've gain'd.  
'Tis like an altar where one stands alone,  
The "other" (bride or bridegroom) will not come;  
And there may stand and wait and never wed,  
Until the charm of life's for ever fled.  
Why linger near this spot? Too many a trace  
Of those I lov'd and things time can't efface  
Are impress'd on it; well I could replace  
Its comforts, its belongings, but no more  
Its former owners, my lov'd ones, restore.



## A LADY'S LOVE.



WHY do I rest? you shall not ask in vain,  
In yonder casement is "the lady's pane,"  
'Gainst which she watch'd and waited,  
Waited and watch'd again,  
And ever and anon would sing her fav'rite tune,  
And this was its refrain:  
"Say will he come, will he return again,  
To look once more with loving eyes  
Upon his Lady Jane.  
Or will he leave her waiting,  
Waiting to wait in vain,



Until her tears shall mingle,  
For the last time with the rain  
As it falls, it seems in sympathy,  
Upon the selfsame pane ? ”  
And there she sat for two long years,  
For the days she would prolong,  
When the twilight had receded  
For the night which seem'd too long,  
And offer'd rest unheeded,  
For she tir'd not of her song,  
“ Say will he come again,  
Or do I ask in vain ? ”  
At length a morning came,  
When those who long had watch'd  
Her watching 'gainst the pane,  
Look'd for her fair form watching,  
But look'd, alas, in vain.



In her brief night of sleep,  
When her sweet song and pray'r had ceas'd,  
Her spirit fled for ever.  
But as we pac'd the chamber floor,  
Where calmly slept that form,  
To wake no more :  
In memory her voice came back,  
And often would restore  
The now lost strain,  
And this was its refrain :  
" Say will she come, will she come again,  
To smile and sing, and beam on us again ;  
Say will she come, or do we ask in vain ? "  
She never can return, and sit at yonder pane,  
For her angel voice in Heaven  
Now sings a purer strain,  
And her tears no more can mingle,  
As in life time, with the rain.



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